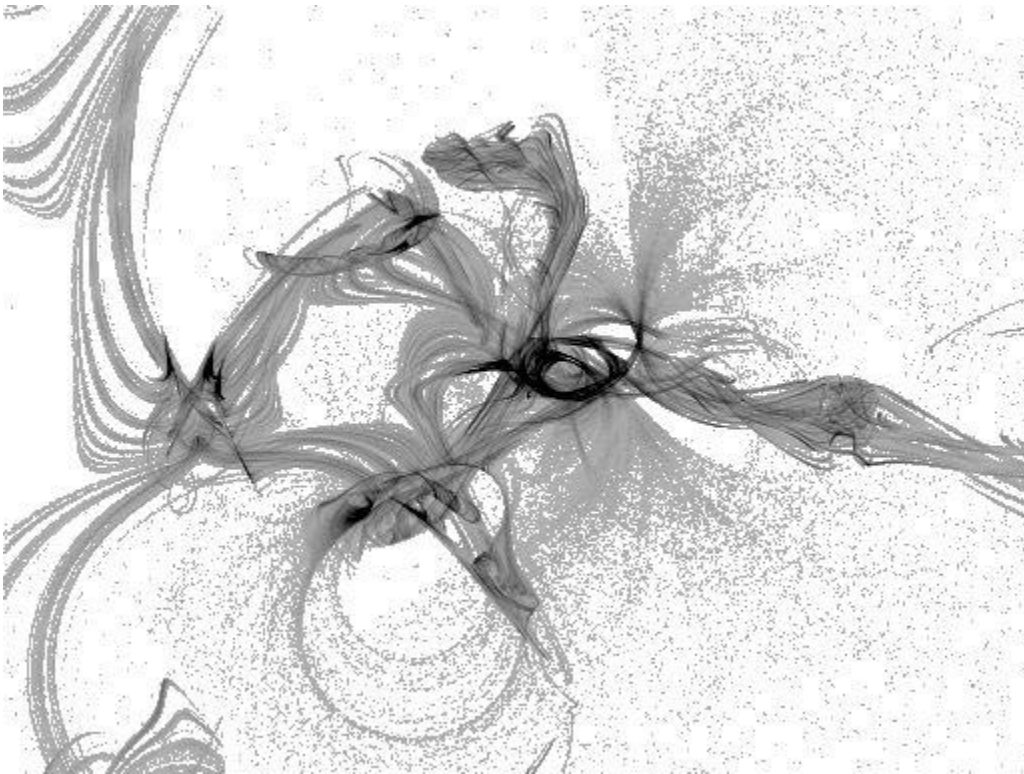


I sculpt poems

by

Paolo Javier



xPress(ed)

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'I sculpt poems

to narrate a face

with eyes
strapped on dirty-feathered wings.

with lips smeared a drugstores red.'

‘But **she is more beautiful**
precisely for **lacking**
a head

: Victory at the Louvre

“& those **good breasts**!”

Ascending like those
frozen for Lorenzo de Medici--

Michelangelos “*Dawn* (1524-27)”

: **she arches her back**
on a calendar hung
from a nail rusting above my bed

A priest with eyes **of gray marble**
strapped on dirty-feathered wings

to become my “Muse”

: he “*Fuck*”-ed **me** behind

a **blindfold** of cracked leather

to teach the words Platonic Beauty

I sculpt poems

to narrate a face
graffitied with lips smeared a drugstores red

: *stain* the spaces

chiseled by **my operas**

a viscous *lavender*,

she arches her back

above my bed

my "Muse"

behind

a blindfold of cracked leather
the words

the spaces

she arches her back
her back

above my bed
my bed

my "Muse"

her back

my bed

her back
my bed

she arches her back

she arches her back

the words

the spaces

Fuck **me**

Fuck **me**

Fuck **me.**

Fuck me.

‘: he “*Fuck*”-ed **me.**

to

blindfold

Platonic Beauty.’

But **she is more beautiful**

Ascending

above my bed

frozen

she arches her back

to

blindfold

the words

I

face

the spaces

behind

the

poems.

Michaelangelo's Dawn

beautiful spring day

finally something beautiful to spring from

I can hear myself think, through Washington Square
past the fountain & passage of benches
of gray marble

where the old men rest their hands, lonely
in spite of everything, full of an evening feeling
of cracked leather

I will remember not to hold out my hand & *plead*
the words Platonic Beauty
If I caught a film today maybe I'd feel better

finished watching 'La Jetee'.

"I'm going to sleep while you do your work."

Because she won't take my lap, she reaches
her hand on the counter.

A beautiful film taken by us & I have to leave?

She's great in her moods then but later?

Work cuts the meat from the diet. My spine
is my diet & her pointy bra.

"We do nothing but fuck you know that?"

She wears a grey sweater & a yellow shirt inside,
hair done up in a ponytail.

"You have such a lovely face. Kara Mia even said so."

"I don't like Kara Mia."

& I am the man with the vertigo.

She will awaken soon.

"Admit it, you love it! You love me!"

Corrected, I sit.

5 to eight, a cool Monday lungs filled with your air
I still taste the dark smooth ploughman's beer
& the catfish sandwich that we shared

*(But she is more beautiful
precisely for lacking a head*

The owner of the dark smooth jacket
had her moments, too, but
you, You! rushed me

*(ascending like those
frozen for Lorenzo de Medici--*

& blew my mouth into air
rushing with kisses bare
my forehead opens like the wind, &

*(a priest with eyes of gray marble
strapped on dirty-feathered wings*

does it matter what mattered then
matters again?
You learn to lick around the wound

*(to become my "Muse"
from a nail rusting above my bed*

I will drink with a possible friend
scribble on a coaster that you knew my brew
pocket your oath as I descend into the station

in the mirror
like an anime character
your smile
 isn't nearly one

couldn't see a damn thing
at the station
on all counts sensitive
 above the eyes

great instrument to open love &
for my heart, though
they listen
 to see

listening for
flashes of
they open
 sesame

rushing
with kisses
bare

my forehead
opens
like the wind

& blew
my mouth
into air

"I'm not forcing you to decide on anything you don't want to."

"Dinner tomorrow night?"

"& those good breasts!"
& the catfish sandwich that we shared
& blew my mouth into air
& the passage of benches where the old men rest their
 hands
& then back to not sleeping near each other
& *plead*
& for my heart
& I have to leave?
& your pointy bra
& a yellow shirt inside
& be grumpy
& I might have gone out out
& the twist throughout, until the end when Fate
& I walk into the temperate night
& I am thinking out loud
& none of this "without"
& you
& cry
& likely to arrive from a long day
& I, preparing supper as our child runs outside to
 greet you
& character depends on it
& the poet's desire to ride your waves of anguish
& happiness

but she is my other half, my dark (brown) half

frozen

she arches her back

to become my “Muse”

of cracked leather

poems

a face

smeared

by **my operas**

"I sculpt ~~poems~~

Lips."